

HEALTH TALK

SPANISH INFLUENZA OR GRIP

BY DR. LEE H. SMITH.

Our enemy is with us again, and we fight a German or a germ, but we put up a good fight, and not he. The influenza runs a very brief when the patient is careful, and keep the system in good condition. The off the poisons which tend to accumulate within our bodies, we can prevent the disease. Remember these: a clean mouth, a clean skin, clean bowels. To carry off poisons from the system and keep the bowels in good condition, a pleasant laxative should be taken. Such a one is made of apple, leaves of aloe, root of senna and called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Laxative. Hot lemonade should be used if attacked by a cold, and the patient should be put to bed after a hot foot-bath.

To prevent the attack of bronchitis or pneumonia and to control the pain, the tablets should be obtained at the drug store, and one given every two hours, with lemonade. The Anuric tablets were first discovered by Dr. Pierce, and as they flush the bladder and cleanse the kidneys, they carry away with them the poisons and the uric acid.

It is important that broths, milk, buttermilk, ice-cream and simple diet be given regularly to strengthen the system and increase the vital resistance. The fever is diminished by the use of the Anuric tablets, but in addition, the forehead, arms and hands may be bathed with water (tepid) in which a tablespoonful of salaratus has been dissolved in a quart. After an attack of grip or pneumonia to build up and strengthen the system, obtain at the drug store a good iron tonic, called "Ironite" Tablets, or that well known herbal tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Interesting Overseas Letter

The following interesting letter from Private Frank A. Powell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Powell, of this city, has been received by a Richmond girl friend:

October 9, 1918.

Dear Friend:—
At home you have probably retired at this time—9 p. m. there—while I have about five more hours on duty yet. I haven't forgotten all about you yet, but just haven't had time, until a few nights ago to write to anyone. It was about three weeks past when I had a chance to send some letters home.

Our stay at the rest camp was brief—only a week, in fact—but that week was sufficient. More than I cared to stay there. Influenza was very prevalent—the Spanish influenza in France. We had something like 53 of the sick report the second day after arrival. But most of the cases only lasted a few days; and though we only got wet every time it rained (which was continually), and everything else pleasant but the mud and rats, we were satisfied to leave that part of the country for better or worse. We figured out it couldn't be much worse. So one night we made a dash back to the station, and she boarded the "side door Pullman." These were on the order, in a way, of our American freight cars, only about half, maybe a third as large. And forty men with packs sprawled out over the floor trying to sleep in some joke, I don't think. But there was a whole lot of fun, after all. Some fellow would hollow out in the chilly stiffness of the night. "Get your hobnails off'n my ear!" or "What'n you think I am down here, a mattress?" And "bully beef" three times a day, for three days, isn't a cinch either. But it's all in the game and we all grouse; some just for the sake of grouching, some just to be disagreeable, and some just to make themselves feel better, so we don't mean any harm about it, after all. In the daytime we would watch the scenery as we flew on with the eastern limited at the rate of 15 miles per hour (10 a lot of the time), because scenery is good, even from a box car window. And there was plenty of it, too. It's much prettier when the sun appears, and then you don't wonder that the French have sacrificed so much for their country and civilization. We pass by the American camps, Chinese camps, French and U. S. prison camps, and our eyes open when we see all these, the miles and miles of tracks, hundreds and hundreds of engines, and thousands of freight cars; and other things too numerous to mention, including enormous warehouses. The stupendous task, the big miracle that Uncle Sammy has wrought in a year and a half. It is almost unbelievable! And when I saw it, I thought "Good night, Bill; I see you finish!" That reminds me of a heading in a paper a good while back, in the States: "Kaiser says We'll fight to the bitter end." He knows what kind of an end it's gonna be, doesn't he?

With Bulgaria's capitulation, and the Central Powers howling for peace, looks as if the end might be in sight. Wouldn't it be great if it would all end by Christmas?

It's a comedy (better than Shakespeare ever wrote) to see me trying to talk to these French cooks in our organization.

But to go back where I was. When we arrived at our barracks we were assigned to real beds with mattresses and good soft blankets for the night. Maybe we didn't sleep some! Oh, boy! In the few days that followed we took over a number of American-made buildings for our hospital, and also a number of patients. It rained a lot of the time there, too, and we were forced to wade through the mud a mile or so, then shovel our way to the kitchen door. (To the tune of "School Days.") One morning another chap and I started down to the little village to explore it. Before we got there it started to rain, and rained the entire day. But we happened to have our slickers with us so we walked around for about two hours or more in the rain and then returned good and proper "wet." We stopped

in front of a church there and above the door was a Latin inscription meaning "Built in the year of Our Lord, 1716." It looked something like two centuries old, too. We left there about a week after our arrival for a place nearer the front. Upon reaching our next destination, we marched over the hills until we came to a sign on a post "Croix Rouge, American Hospital No. —; towards the red roofs of some buildings we marched on and finally came to the rows of clean looking white brick, or rather a valley in which lay the city of some miles or so away, surrounded by the mountains. Rather a picturesque scene, and more beautiful when the glow of the sunset spreads out through the clouds over the heavens and falls in many colors down on the mountain sides. Then at night we can hear the "heavens" on the western front, only some 35 kilometers away, as they hurl their shells on into Metz and Berlin. I can't say it's either, but it may be both before the scrap is over and over again.

You stand out on the ground and see it way off in the distance, the flashes from the "big boys" across the heavens; the numerous searchlights playing on the skies like so many white shadows flitting to and fro, and the signals dropped from the airplanes.

We get plenty to eat; have a canteen started a few days ago for our hospital, and get daily newspapers and magazines. The boys have their tobacco issued to them about every ten days (all but three of four fellows I know). Everything we want almost, except a letter from home. I have been away from the States six weeks Friday and no letter yet. Suppose I'll get a dozen when I do get mail. That's the way they come—several at a time. I want a letter from home more than anything else right now. I'd miss three square meals to get one. And I've got some appetite. You know how I like to eat, don't you?

I am night ward man in Section F—yes, a regular night owl. The latter part of this letter is written a day before the former, and you are in the land of dreams now.

Tell the Leaguers I have tried to smile for all it's worth, and am still trying it. It works fine. It is the best, easiest and quickest way to brighten up not only the fellows in our ward, but every one you come in contact with, that I know of.

A boche plane came over a few nights ago; in fact, the fellows said one came over this afternoon while I was asleep, but they haven't tried to do any damage, so far.

Reports have it that a great many of us will have a chance to go to the front as stretcher bearers; so when you get this I may be seeing some of the real excitement.

At some of the German detention camps we passed through on our way here, it was comical to see the boche with the P. G. (French) or P. W. (American) on the seat of his pants. They wear green uniforms.

Nearly every Frenchman one meets has his little old mustache. I have been down into the city in the valley below us, a mile or so away. I entered the cathedral there and stood before some of the great old paintings hung around on the walls. The stained glass windows are beautiful. Go over and see mother whenever you have any spare time. I know she will be less lonesome and glad you come.

I haven't any whole lot of time to write to anyone, and yet quite a number of people to write to. Give my best regard to all my friends and best wishes for E. L. Sincerely,

FRANK J. POWELL,
U. S. A. Base Hospital 82, Am. Ex. Forces A. P. O. 784.

Former Mt. Pleasant

Pastor Dies of Flu

White Hall, Nov. 7.
Isaac Forbes, Sr., is very sick with heart trouble. Most of his family have influenza.

Our hearts were made extremely sad last Friday when we received the bulletin with Rev. H. F. Martin's picture and notice of his death which had occurred at Olive Hill from influenza.

Bro. Martin was pastor of the Mt. Pleasant church a few years ago. He gave up the pastorate of that church for Sunday School work for which he was so well suited. He did more for the Sunday School at Mt. Pleasant than any pastor had ever done before. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to his splendid wife and children.

Our hearts also go out in deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. William Rogers who lost their son last week at Ford.

Our mail carrier was not very much pleased with the change of the time as it throws him until dark getting home a little later in the year.

Mr. Price Gumm lost several sheep last week, which were killed by dogs. Also Mr. Harry Hanger lost a number in the same way.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Oldham will move to Richmond the first of the year. Mr. Oldham has purchased a home on Third street.

Mrs. James Oldham and daughter, Mary, have arrived home much to the delight of their many friends from up north, where they have been for the past few months.

Leonard Minter and Wm. Hall have sold their Ed Million farm to Mr. Charley Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin will get possession the first of the year.

Mr. Arch Duncan and Mr. William Hall have bought the farm of Mr. Minter purchased from Mrs. T. H. Park.

The many friends of Mrs. R. C. Moore are glad to know she is improving after an attack of influenza, from which she has been suffering for the past three weeks.



By JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

"THEY are our sons and brothers; flesh of our flesh. We have sent them across the sea to fight—but we are determined that they should know that the people at home are fighting with them, standing with them, shoulder to shoulder."

Why you should give twice as much as you ever gave before!

THE need is for a sum 70% greater than any gift ever asked for since the war began. The Government has fixed this sum at \$170,500,000.

By giving to these seven organizations all at once, the cost and effort of six additional campaigns is saved.

Unless Americans do give twice as much as ever before, our soldiers and sailors may not enjoy during 1919 their

3600 Recreation Buildings
1000 Miles of Movie Film
100 Leading Stage Stars
2000 Athletic Directors
2500 Libraries supplying 4,000,000 books
85 Hostess Houses
15,000 Big-brother "secretaries"
Millions of dollars of home comforts

When you give double, you make sure that every fighter has the cheer and comforts of these seven organizations every step of the way from home to the front and back again. You provide him with a church, a theatre, a cheerful home, a store, a school, a club and an athletic field—and a knowledge that the folks back home are with him, heart and soul!

You have loaned your money to supply their physical needs.

Now give to maintain the Morale that is winning the war!

AMERICA in this war has done what no other nation ever did. She has carried the presence, the atmosphere of home into the camps across the seas, that everywhere the soldier may realize there are fatherly hands to help him, motherly hands to console him, friendly hands to entertain him.

"All these seven organizations now stand upon one platform—that of providing recreation, entertainment and home comfort for our troops. From that common platform, all, together with one voice, will make a single appeal to the American people.

"These seven organizations have agreed by direction of the Government upon definite budgets and all are working under a general national committee upon which all are represented for a united war work campaign to raise the sum of \$170,500,000.

"Enormous as that sum may be, the American people will raise it—generously and gladly.

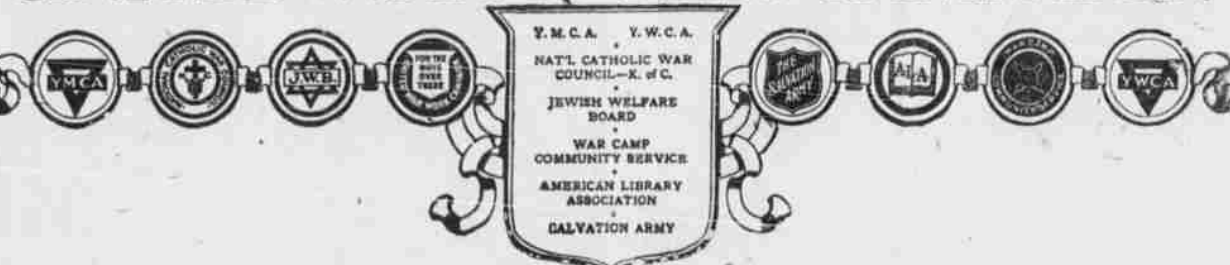
"When one considers an army of over 4,000,000; a navy that musters over 500,000 men in its service; the number and size of our camps; the buildings to be erected; the secretaries to be maintained; the equipment to be furnished; the visitors' houses to be built; the community service to be extended into every city and town of the country; the protective work most necessary and vital for all our people, which this war has given to us as our share to maintain, one will see that the sum is none too great for this enormous task.

"We cannot shirk it. We cannot shift it. To attempt to do so would be to prove false to the men who are giving their bodies and their lives for our national safety.

"It is an American campaign. Its appeal is one that no American may refuse, and America's answer will be another triumphant announcement that we are in this war as one people and as one nation to see it through to victory.

"The entire Catholic body of the country is organized to crown this campaign with victory. Every diocese has harnessed its own resources, will work with the state committees of the United War Work Campaign and give the utmost service."

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN



This space contributed by OWEN MCKEE, Dry Goods and Notions

